

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1920.

No. 10.

C. L. S. STAGES BIG SUCCESS.

St. Patrick's Day is one of the events set aside for celebration at the hands of the Columbian Literary Society. Anything like utter failure has never been imputed to their efforts, simply because they have always been above such sweeping reproach. In the play "The Merchant of Venice Up to Date," given Tuesday night, March 16, the same, in general holds good, with the additional approval of those who enjoy something unique, different in many respects from any play ever presented by the society. "The Merchant of Venice Up to Date," as is plain from the name, is simply a parody on Shakespeare's well-known comedy, a modern version of it. The silly intermingling of the original and its copy is, of course, the spice of the play. The ridiculous substitutions in the elements of the plot, so near and yet so far, the cruel slaughter of Shakespeare's inimitable mercy speech, and other passages, are distasteful to the enthusiastic student of Shakespeare. Indeed, at some points of the play we might imagine the dust of the great genius to tremble somewhat in its grave. But did we enjoy it? Did we laugh? We should ask, did we roar? A more thoroughly delightful performance has not been given on the stage for a long time.

The play was acted well throughout. Of course there is here no professional star-dust to sift, but, — a fact which is even more complimentary — each man, by his contribution of energy and enthusiasm rounded out the farce to the degree of perfection, which, all things considered, it enjoyed. Mr. Flynn, as Antonio, a College Senior and chum of Bassanio, injected the spirit of good-fellowship and indifferent seniority into his scenes with Bassanio and Gratiano. In the final scene, however, he reached the climax of his dramatic power in humbly bowing his head to the murderous scissors of Shylock, and in later submitting to the X-ray photograph with its verdict of "brainless." Mr. Dirksen, as Bassanio, Mr. Meyer as Gratiano, Mr. O'Connor as Nerissa, and Mr. Weiss as the fair Portia, were responsible for the romantic interest of the play. To the female characters, including Mr. Huber as Jessica, just a little comment on the form of their acting is not out of place. In spite of the low pitch of their voices, they suppressed that fault, by adding to their impersonations a number of feminine qualities, — gracefulness, ease of manner, charm of conversation, and speed—in getting away from a mouse. All this to their credit.

Mr. Oberhauser is noteworthy for representing the only serious element in the play,—and that, alas, a very blind attribute for a teacher. The part was made more realistic by Mr. Oberhauser's make-up, first of all, and then, by his frequent

(Continued on page six.)

READS POPULAR COMEDY.

Mr. Edward Ellicott appeared before the students last Tuesday evening and read Winchell Smith's well-known comedy, "Turn to the Right". Essentially modern as it is, the play made a strong appeal in a direction not frequently pursued in other lines of entertainment. Possibly from his whole repertoire Mr. Ellicott could not have selected a play better adopted to the needs of the audience before him. Rich in humor, the comedy does not descend to the merely witty nor vulgar. Rich in pathos, it is not mawkish, tearful, sentimental. And behind it all is a lesson profound and yet apparent in the progress of all the incidents of the play. It is a story of a mother's all-powerful influence for good. Mr. Ellicott is an accomplished reader, having as we presume, many years of experience on the stage. It must be admitted, in all frankness and sincerity, that the impression he made at the start was not the most favorable. However, after his few introductory remarks, Mr. Ellicott led his audience unresisting into the spirit of his work. He gave to the comedy all that could be expected of one man, life and energy in the consistent interpretation of a variety of characters. We hope to hear from Mr. Ellicott again in the future.

DO YOU KNOW

that last year during the baseball season two thirds of the student-body, standing along the side-lines and perched in the grand stand, rooted for their team about as enthusiastically as a flunker goes to class-room VII on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon? In other words they didn't root at all. They just stood there silently until the score-keeper marked an error against St. Joe, and then they exerted themselves terribly. Why, the Varsity men were so pleased with the support they received, that many of them repeatedly expressed their delight in playing away from home. Are we going to reenact this dismal scene this year? Does it take less breath to crab than to root? Do you expect everything when you give nothing? If it puts your team to shame to go down in defeat, what does the visiting college think of the spiritless bunch your Varsity represents? Don't you see that you are knocking your own interest? If we were a small fraction of twenty-five thousand spectators, your little squeak of dissatisfaction would never be heard. But the way it is, every man counts. Remember this, and give your team real, genuine, whole-hearted support at every game, from start to finish, during the coming season.

THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Now that the basketball season has come to a successful finish, and the earth is slowly but surely thawing out, baseball holds the center of attention in athletic circles. What are the prospects for a good team? Is our schedule complete? How does league baseball shape up? These are the leading questions of the day.

As to prospects for a good team, Manager Laux, who is well acquainted with the situation, doesn't seem to be very worried. He has a squad of four or five good pitchers, three seasoned veterans and some rookies, to select from, and four likely good catchers. Fehrenbacher, Harber, Wellman, Boehnlein and Kramps ought to provide us with some good pitching; one ought to be able to choose a good battery mate for the regular pitcher from the group composed of Hession, Kasper, Hennes and Osterhage. The infield positions will be hard ones to get, because two or three are fighting at each position to get the job. A flock of outfielders will show up when the tryout games begin. Taking the matter as whole, we can look for a winner in baseball, for a bunch that can wallop the old horsehide and cavort around the lot like a gang of big leaguers.

The schedule is one that lives up to the reputation of the team. St. Joe has never been known to pick soft opposition, and this baseball schedule proves it beyond a doubt. St. Viator's, almost as good in baseball as in basketball, leads the list of contemplated victims; Indiana State Normal has a place; Valparaiso will have to be handed the same treatment in baseball as in basketball; the Knights of Columbus of Indianapolis are anxious to avenge last year's defeat; and finally St. Cyril's Club of Whiting, champions of Lake County last season, is out to show us that it can offer us some real opposition in the great national pastime. That's our schedule for 1920, one hard to beat, and one that will give us a chance of seeing some good games this spring.

Baseball in the leagues ought to be as good this year as in others, if not better. Not every one of the candidates for the Varsity, no matter how good he is, can expect to make the team, which will throw back a bunch of classy material for the Senior league. The Academics may not provide the thrilling plays, but they certainly will give everybody a good laugh; but let's not criticise the Academics too much, for everybody has to learn sometime. The Juniors have always been known for playing a snappy, scrappy game of ball; the ump's job in the Junior league is no cinch; for those birds are full of pep. The Juniors give you the plays, the pep, and the umpire, baiting all in one. What more could a real, dyed-in-the-wool fan wish?

That's the baseball outlook for 1920. Good team all around, and classy competition. We still have to wait on winter to relax its grip, but when that time comes, when the turf is warm and springy under your feet, and the crack of the bat greets your ears, then the days of real sport begin.

TURNER EXHIBITION COMING.

In reviewing the different divisions of College athletics we would not neglect the Turners. The caution were not necessary except that the character of the Turners' work keeps them from stepping along with the prominence and popularity of basketball and baseball, and consequently renders them liable to our neglect. But primarily it is plain that this field of athletics has some other distinctions besides peculiarity. The horse, the parallel and horizontal bars, are instruments of physical development in a direction not so effectively pursued in any other form of athletics. The possibilities are even greater than we suppose, although it is not the aim of such training to make circus clowns out of College boys. However, to those who have never seen the Turners perform, the agility, the muscular prowess, so to speak, displayed by youngsters never suspected of such ability will come as a pleasant surprise. And the qualifications, after all, are not so far beyond the average boy that he cannot come out of the process of training in presentable condition. That fact should be an inducement for more students to hand themselves over to the Director for inspection and the subsequent drilling.

Many of the older members of the present squad have dropped out, through illness and other causes, leaving the success of the Turner exhibition of 1920 dependent mainly on the raw material now in action. But as like difficulties have been met and overcome in previous years, we may expect an evening of solid entertainment on April 21, when the Turners exhibit for the first time this year. A second exhibition will be staged the following Sunday, April 25.

DEMOCRACY.

Last Saturday afternoon we saw our idea of a "democratic assemblage." Coming along the street in the drizzle and wind was a one horse dray piled high with faded relics of furniture, dirty mattresses, cracked mirrors and other evidences of abject poverty.

Hell-bent for the Hotel lobby appointment came a Limousine carrying one of the Upper Crust—"a most regal personage." In a second it was all over. The high Moon-eyed Monk occupied a comical position astride a battered chair, with a rusty bed spring draped around his neck.

The lackadaisical owner of the second hand furniture, who had been lolling across the mattress half asleep—almost came to life when he found himself projected through the door of the Limousine. These accidents are great levellers of men.

A Bright One.

Prof. (to class) "In this stanza what is meant by this line." "The shades of night were falling fast."

Soucie.—"The people were pulling down their blinds."

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"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Saturday, March 27, 1920.

EDITORIALS.

THERE are two magazines in the library which might be picked up occasionally and read with profit by every student. We refer to the "Iconoclast," and the "Fortnightly Review". Many of us lose courage at sight of a long, elaborate, argumentative treatise. Now the happy contrast which these two magazines hold with that lengthy sort of literature which we dislike, should certainly recommend them to our taste. We want information in a nut-shell; and just that knack of condensation seems to be the forte of these magazines.

In the columns of the "Iconoclast" you will find the gleaning of our government's latest actions, the laudable praised and the blameworthy condemned; you will find there the most recent movements, social, industrial, religious, exposed and discussed. You will find the charges made against the Catholic Church, refuted with fairness and sanity, very often with appended testimony from influential Protestant sources.

In a similar sense, the same is true of the "Fortnightly Review". Extractions from papers and periodicals rather remote from our acquaintance are here gathered for the purpose of giving a wide range of opinion on interesting topics of the day. We cannot enumerate all its advantages here. It is better to see for yourself, and judge to what extent this magazine may be to your general enlightenment. You know that students are not often placed in a position which requires quick, conclusive thought on practical matters. The regular course of studies is the "gaudia certaminis" of our school days. But a head full of Latin and Greek—a wonderful possession in itself—does not go far in the conversation of this prosaic old world. We must be up to date under pain of ostracism. Or, as some one has expressed it, "the necessity of knowing a little about a great many things is one of the grievous burdens of our day." The means we have suggested is one way of relieving this burden.

The art of making friends is the art of being a friend.

A PROSPECTUS.

With the end of basketball, it is hardly out of place to review the season's activities. In the season of 1919-20 St. Joseph's tackled the stiffest schedule it ever had, and tackled it with success. Looking over the basketball schedule, we find the Varsity met two easy teams, Brook and St. Cyril's, that all the rest of the opposition encountered during the season was first class. The Y. M. P. C. team is ranked among the best independent teams in the state; the Dentals have an enviable record; Valparaiso is in a class with Indiana and Wabash; St. Viator's holds the championship of the Little Nineteen conference. The I. A. C. Reds hold the championship of the Central States at their weight. We couldn't have taken on much more; these teams would offer anyone sufficient competition. Out of thirteen games played we won eight and lost five, giving us an average of 616 for the season. We scored 373 points to our opponents' 314.

The biggest victory of the year was the one over Valpo., one of the strongest fives in the state. That game put St. Joe in the limelight for a time, and made Heze Clark refuse any games for the Dentals during the week preceding February 21, for, as he said, St. Joe would furnish them enough opposition. Our only regret is that St. Viator's took both games from us; we certainly deserved to lose the first one but the old jinx cheated us out of the other one. But, at that, we gave them a good chase.

In the leagues greater interest was shown than ever before. The fighting III Latins took the pennant in the Senior League, following the example of the III Latins of the two preceding years, when Tony Schaefer and Brady were the mainstays of the team. The untimely collapse of the Senior team may have robbed us of an exciting finish, for the Seniors still had a chance to win. In the Academics Bill Minneman, with the assistance of Lucke, his star forward, led the Sparklers to the pennant. In the Junior League the Mohawks copped, and in the Midget League the Skyrockets took the lead.

All in all, the season was one of the most successful ever experienced here, one marked both by good playing and by the good spirit and interest of the student-body.

Pelle Morosa!

We students have really only two things about which we can justly be peeved. They are examinations and prohibition. But "exams" are few and far between; prohibition a quarter of a year removed from us in its stringent probabilities. But there always is at hand an abundance of things, trivial indeed, that pucker the lips peevishly, that set those stern lines of peevishness about the chin and mouth, that hang up peeved frowns on youthful brows. A peeve has an instant effect. In no time everybody feels you're out of sorts, and no one talks just because you don't; and mayhap some are led by you into sharing your fretfulness. Nor do the effects halt here. You, who always bring a peeve to gayer company, banish sociability and laughter,—the

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spice of life. But how much easier and more satisfying to smile! What a far more instant effect, too. The world smiles with you when you crack a smile, be it ever so faint,—only that it be genuine. But the sour smile is a stray child of gloom and depression. It is a splinter flying from the log of Ego, and it often flies far. It takes a goodly blast to blow down the ripe apple,—and this can be likened to the healthy sorrow of bad news, torn ambition, or hard effort constantly unsuccessful. But a peeve, an unreasonable “out of sorts” mien is the rotten apple that has to fall from among sound and mature fruit. Such people ought to hearken to the quaint railroading Odysseus who once said: “I’m no more’n a bum, I know; but I kin tell yez sumthin’ ennyhow: Fill yer pockets with smiles, back pockets, inside coat-pockets, and vest-pockets. And if you don’t think that’ll be enough, stick a couple o’extree ones under yer hat and down yer sock. They’s wondrous things,—smiles is!”—Try a smile and observe its charm on your fellow-mortals. Let us learn at this smiling spring-tide. Home-coming robins are perched on top-most limbs, singing for the world and their mates, their roundelays to sunshine and virescent nature.

Might Work Up An Appetite.

Seen in Lafayette Hotel.—“Cup of coffee and a Roll Downstairs for 15 cents.

Sentiments of a Senior.

I wish I was a stone
A-setting on a hill.
A-doin’ nothing all day long
But just a sitting still;
I wouldn’t eat, I wouldn’t sleep,
I wouldn’t even wash,
I’d just set still a thousand years
And rest myself—by gosh. (Exchange)

So Sick.

“Were you very sick with the ‘flu’ Rastus?”
“Sick—sick? Ah was so sick most every night,
Ah look in dat casualty list for mah name.” Whiz Bang.

SOCIETIES.

The C. L. S. met Sunday, March 14. The usual order of the day was carried out. Mr. Duenser gave the society a singular treat in his second appearance as critic. It would extend beyond the history of our membership in the C. L. S. to pick a critic who combines so well the art of pleasing with the faculty of instructing. Participants in the private program of April 11, were also announced.

The Newman Club presented its second private program on the evening of March 14. All the members supposed to appear did not report to the Rev. Director in time for adequate preparation and were therefore excluded from participation in the program. However, the evening was well taken up with the selections at hand. Mr. White and Mr. Williams deserve special mention for their work. The after-piece, “Embalming Ebenezer” was a specimen of that sort of farce where action counts for more than words. It was well acted by Messrs. Jaeger, Conway and Metzger.

Holy Name Society.

The following students were appointed as consultants for the remaining part of the school year: Miller, Huber, Laux, Hennes, Pursley, Durkin, Alig, Geidner, Minneman, Schulte, Kirchner, and Volkmer.

R. J. S. C. Election.

The Raleigh Jolly Smoking Club held its tri-annual meeting March 9, for the purpose of electing officers. After many spirited debates between the different factions the following were the unfortunates: Pre. Chas. Thieme, Vice Pres. Ernest Laux, Sec. Pius Mutter, Marshall Robert Boller. With such able men as these to guide us thru the remainder of the year we should almost be sure of a “hale” every recess. Will some one move that the new officers be obliged to strike every morning?

Real character is not one thing, but a thousand things.



Spice.

Nowadays when your fawning waiter deposits your \$5.00 dinner before you saying, "Here you are, fit for a king", you are helpless except that you might say: "Yes, I think so too; king Pharaoh, most probably."

Herr Kapp made a neat coup, but he capped the climax when he donned his cap, having copped nothing. Nice trying anyway, Kappie!

N. E. C's.

Speaking of the N. E. C's how about the guy that steals your reading matter during your absence, and fails to return it?

II

The guys that "go south" with your last shoe string or collar button.

III

That great big, healthy, brute who takes his manly exercise in making paper roses.

Are you one of those who trot off to town with a fellow-student, consent to his doing all the "setting up", and then come back and tell your neighbor what a "hick" this fellow is.

Trigonometry.

Two colored men were discussing the trouble of a mutual friend on whom the law had a hold.

"What dat fool niggah done now?" asked one.

"De fool has committed bigotry," said the first speaker; "he done got three wives."

"Bigotry, nothin'," said the other, disgustedly, "you uneducated niggahs gives me a pain. If he done had two wives dat'd be bigotry, but if he dun got three wives, dot 'ere's trigonometry."

The small-pox doesn't seem to be making such a "showing", so to speak, as previous epidemics have done. It came upon us quietly but unexpectedly. We met it calmly, took our vaccinations, which took very properly themselves, and now it doesn't appear that the relief corps has been rushed overmuch to the scene of action. We are glad of it. Epidemics are mean things. Where the little bug cannot bite personally, he is sure to work some indirect trouble. Let us hope that the school year will be completed without further disease, or rumors of disease, which are nearly as bad.

Out of Date.

In connection with the increased price of men's clothing may we not ask what has become of the

old fashioned woman who could sew a patch to the westward for the fellow headed east.

Noah Probably had a Pair of Subchasers.

Did you ever stop to think what would have become of us if a submarine had picked off the ark?

Guilty.

"Have some aigs dis morning! Jedge?"—asked the ebony waiter.

"Not this morning, Sam," replied the man of the bench, adjusting his spectacles, preparatory to the distinguishing the name of some dish of the menu from the fly specks.

"Ever try any of our fresh boiled aigs, Jedge?"

"Yes, indeed, Sam, and found them guilty."

Bits of Gossip.

Joe Williams and Joe Howard, former students of St. Joseph's, visited here Sunday, March 14. Both had attended the State High School meet at Bloomington, where "Shorty" had entered the tournament with the Washington team.

Examinations come and gone. And the worst of it is that Easter recess follows immediately after. A suit of Sunday clothes and a far-away look in your eye are the very worst things you can take to an exam, except, of course, a "scibbing" paper. We hope you have not demonstrated the principle that a "house divided against itself will fall."

A serious matter is before the student body at present in the form of a charge of inhuman treatment against Mr. Wolfe. Lupus having caught a real-for-sure live rat, to be used in the play Tuesday night, so far forgot himself as to preserve the animal in a cage, with a sufficiency of nothing more life-sustaining than air. Accordingly the poor rodent succumbed. Now, in spite of the brave and adventurous spirit which Lupus displayed in the capture of the rat, can we excuse him for his shameful neglect?

St. Joe has another watch-dog. Most of us remember the big, black, Danish pup that used to frisk about the place, belying his fierce look with his lamblike behavior. Well, in some mysterious way, he vanished. Other dogs, of every shape, color and magnitude came to take his place, more or less without any invitation and certainly with no authorized reception-committee. These, too, "abode their destined hour and went their way," and the college seemed to be permanently and peacefully "dogless." But no offence to our present servant, who is stationed here, presumably, to keep off all night prowlers, and report all nocturnal disorders. To those interested, we may say that he is one year old, of St. Bernard stock, rather good-looking for a dog; that he came from St. Elizabeth's hospital at Lafayette, and has all the qualifications of a watch dog, with the exception of a few fundamentals which he will naturally acquire in the course of his experience. His name is Bruce.

PRINCESS THEATER

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(Continued from page one.)

recourse to the snuff-box. However, the most active, energetic, thing in the play would hardly have saved it, had it not been for the wrath of Shylock and the deviltry of Launcelot Gobbo. Harry Schaffer, in the beard of the Hebrew gambler, looked his part well, and acted it better. This is more noticeable for the fact that outside of the scenes in which the Jew appears, there are very few incidents for emotional expression. And while it is all ridiculous and unreasonable, still the conduct of Shylock, especially in the court scene lends a certain vitality to the play. Lastly, comes Launcelot. Mr. Duenser in this role, is hampered a little by the fact that he has already made a reputation as a clown, and is now expected to draw on his resources for original stunts. He gave good proof that he can do this in his portrayal of Launcelot Gobbo. He appeared often, but did not grow tiresome. His interlude with the cat is something new. Where he could not talk, he made us laugh by his antics. But we will hear later what the critic has to say.

"The Merchant of Venice Up to Date" has been much talked of—much eulogized and much calumniated. But it was the feature of our St. Patrick's Day celebration, and worthy of its place. Credit to those who made it a success.

Little Things to Think About:

- A perfect day before the end of it.
- A rainy day without a frown.
- A translation without a "pony".
- A senior-desk without a magazine.
- A junior reading an editorial.
- An entire student-body supporting its variety.

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With valor in his quiet eye,
And that stern pluck to do or die;
A man with the courageous glow
That keeps his face before the foe,
In spite of bottles, bricks, and cans,
The compliments of frothing fans;
A man with such a brave career,
The mention of it brings a tear,
Who stands out in the sun's broad light
And arbitrates a bloody fight
All afternoon, and gets for thanks
A front pew in the lowly ranks
Of villains, cheats, and thieves, and crooks;—
Ah, vainly, will you search your books
Of heroes hallowed, martyrs blest,
For here is one who crowns the rest.
Just step out in the well-trod dust
And shake his paw with friendly trust.
And if you have a yarn of woe
Just loosen up and let her go.
For he, through years of fearless strife,
Has learned to sympathize with life.

But, friends, before the coming year
Of baseball rooting greets your ear,
One little resolution make
Just for the umpire's private sake.
His duty puts him where he is,
And what he gives us isn't his.
He speaks by law and not by heart
The words that fit his tragic part.
Resolve to make your little curses
Into Sunday Journal verses.
Just keep your lungs in plenty steam
And use it on your battling team.
Reserve your joke, your jest, your jeer,
Reserve them for the College Cheer.
Ah, then, the year will roll away
And leave us victors in the fray
And our's shall be the pride of fame
Unmuddied by an umpire's name.

Poor Woodrow's in Dutch now: He's got to
bolster his cabinet and his treaty.

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